

More Than Meets the Eye

by Kristen Elizabeth

Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer
Language: English
Status: In-Progress
Published: 1999-10-07 09:00:00
Updated: 1999-10-07 09:00:00
Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:47:42
Rating: K
Chapters: 1
Words: 3,959
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Our favorite FBI agents meet our favorite Slayerettes.

More Than Meets the Eye

Disclaimer: Buffy and Co belong to Joss Whedon and his people. Mulder and Scully belong to Chris Carter and his people. I don't belong to either of those groups of people. Therefore, these characters aren't mine. Got it?

Author's notes: I thought it was about time our two favorite FBI agents paid a visit to Sunnydale. This takes place about a month after Graduation Day, but reading it won't exactly spoil the Graduation Day episodes. Besides, if you like Buffy enough to read fan fic, why on earth wouldn't you have seen the Season Three finale? Do you live under a rock? As for the X-files, I've sort of lost track with the show, so I have no idea where this story fits into that mythology. Just use what you know about the characters and don't worry about it.

More Than Meets the Eye by Kristen Elizabeth

"Take a gander at this, Scully." Special Agent Fox Mulder tossed a newspaper down onto the desk in front of his partner, Special Agent Dana Scully.

"Good morning to you too, Mulder", she said, dryly.

Mulder went around to his own desk and plopped down. "I think you're going to find this interesting. At least I did."

Sighing, Scully unfolded the paper and scanned the headlines. "The Sunnydale Times...May 23, 1999...this paper is over a month old. I'm failing to find the interesting angle."

"Read on, Scully. You will." Mulder tossed what appeared to be a hunk of charred metal into the air and caught it a second later.

"Are you referring to the headline? 'High School Blows Up on Graduation Day'. Well, that's certainly a tragedy, but it hardly sounds like our kind of tragedy." She looked over the paper and received her partner's Look. The Look he had learned from her. Smiling slightly, she read on. "Yesterday, during Sunnydale High School's 1999 graduation ceremony, tragedy struck. In what police are initially declaring to be the latest in a rash of violent high school crimes, the entire campus was decimated when an explosive went off at approximately four in the afternoon. Firefighters have determined that the bomb, or bombs, were most likely placed in the school's library and detonated from another location through remote control....." Scully looked back at Mulder. "I don't know what to say, Mulder. There is nothing in this article to remotely suggest the need for an X-file."

"But you haven't finished the entire thing, Scully. Believe me, I'm onto something here." She raised her eyebrows doubtfully, but continued. "...however, these findings are not conclusive. Early reports of the incident indicate that even before the bomb went off, the ceremony had been far from normal, but the police have given no formal statement mentioning these personal accounts. One senior, Percy West, reported that 'some weird stuff happened, but nothing that (the students) didn't take care of....go Razorbacks', but his mother, Claire West, had a different story to tell. 'A horrible creature did something to the Mayor; he just sort of ripped apart. That's when I ran'. Several people, including the school's principal and Sunnydale's Mayor Wilkins were killed in yesterday's horrific events, prompting police to keep an investigation ongoing."

"What do you think? A horrible creature tearing apart the Mayor? C'mon Scully, it at least warrants an investigation!" Mulder's eyes shone with excitement.

Scully set down the paper with another sigh. "Mulder, a bomb went off. People get torn apart when bombs go off. And while I hate to say it, violent incidents in high schools are not uncommon anymore."

"I figured you were going to have some sort of rebuttal, so I've been doing some research on Sunnydale." He dashed to the black filing cabinets and pulled a thick file from one drawer. "We have strange reports from this town dating back to the last century. Disappearances, invisible attackers, deformed creatures, and too many exsanguinations to count. There's something about Sunnydale, Scully. And we're going to find out what it is."

"We are, are we? And just what do you think we're going to discover?" Scully folded her arms across her chest.

Mulder thought a second and shrugged. "I don't know, Scully. That's why we're going. And we'd better go soon. Our plane to California leaves in an hour."

"Well, thank you very much for the advanced notice." Scully's voice oozed sarcasm.

Her partner waved a finger at her, scoldingly. "This is why you should keep a travel bag always ready. Besides, we're only going to be there for a few days, take some interviews, check things out....soak up some sun. Think of it as a vacation."

The California skies were dreary and a light rain was falling as Mulder and Scully's jet landed at the Sunnydale Airport.

"So much for your soaking up some sun idea", Scully commented, dryly. She pulled a small umbrella from her carry-on bag.

Mulder motioned for her to go ahead of him as they exited the small jet. "UV rays, Scully. There's always UV rays."

After they had retrieved their luggage, the two agents rented a car and drove towards the main city of Sunnydale. "Kind of a small town, isn't it? Hard to believe that so many wierd occurances reports come from here." Mulder adjusted the windshield wipers as the rain picked up.

Scully nodded her head, but her attention was on reading a brochure she had picked up from the airport. "Listen to this, Mulder. Sunnydale has approximately 43 churches and half as many cemeteries. That seems like an awful lot for such a small town."

"They must have a lot to pray about...and a lot of people to bury", Mulder replied, mysteriously. Scully gave him a Look. "And you thought we'd be wasting our time coming here."

His partner set aside the colorful brochure and looked out the window. "Where do you want to start this investigation?"

"I think our best bet would be to start with the people mentioned in the article. Percy West. Lives at 1492 Hamilton Avenue with his mother, Claire and his father Edward. Recently graduated, star of Sunnydale High's basketball team. Plans to go to Florida State University to, and I quote, 'get as far away from Sunnydale as possible', end quote." Mulder took a much needed lungful of air.

Scully shook her head. "It's not nice to play around in the Bureau's computer systems, Mulder. But that does seem like a logical starting point."

"Percy West?" Mulder addressed the tall, handsome youth who answered the door.

"Yeah. Who's asking?"

Scully pulled out her badge and Mulder followed suit. "I'm Special Agent Dana Scully and this is my partner Fox Mulder. We'd like to ask you a few questions."

Percy looked suspicious. "What about?" "Graduation day. We've heard some strange things happened and we'd like to know more about it." Mulder tucked his badge back in his coat pocket.

Percy dug his hands into his pockets. "Look, I'm not really the person you want to ask. You should talk to the blond chick." "Blond

chick?", Mulder repeated.

"Yeah.....oh geez. What's her name? You'll know her when you see her. She's really hot."

Mulder looked disappointed. "There's nothing else you can tell us?" The boy shook his head. "Well, thank you for your time."

"Sure." Percy stepped back inside and closed the door.

Scully looked at her partner, expectantly. "Where to, now?"

"Harmony Kendall?" Mulder held up his badge. "We're with the FBI and we'd like to ask you some questions about your graduation day."

The blond girl who stood before them looked dumbfounded. "I...I don't want to talk about it."

Scully looked at the girl closer. She had a large bandage on her neck. "What happened to your neck, Harmony?" "Nothing!", she replied quickly. Her hand went to the wound. "Hickie."

Mulder wiped his forehead. "Miss Kendall, we'd just like to know what happened on graduation day. We were told to talk to a blond girl. You have blond hair."

Harmony shifted her weight, uncomfortably. "I don't think I'm who you're looking for. You're looking for that wierd girl."

"So, this girl is blond...and wierd? Does she have a name?" Scully was impatient.

"Yeah she has a name, it starts with a 'B'. I just can't think of it right now. You should talk to Jonathon, though. He likes her." Harmony began to close the door, as if to end the conversation.

Mulder held it open with his foot. "If you think of anything else..." Harmony cut him off. "I won't." She exerted more force and shut the door.

Scully looked up at the grey sky. "Nice town."

"Jonathon?"

The short boy looked nervous. "Yes?"

"We're Agents Scully and Mulder with the FBI and we'd like to ask you a few questions." Scully whipped out her badge for the third time that day.

Jonathon's face became very pale. "Look, I did my suspension...I talked to the counselors....I promise, I'll never think about touching a gun again!"

Mulder's brow furrowed. "What? We'd just like to talk to you about graduation day."

"Oh....that." Jonathon looked down at his shoes. "What do you want to know?"

"Mostly, Jonathon, we'd just like to know what happened. We hear that some extraordinary things went on", Scully used her most authoritarian voice.

The boy fidgeted. "Well....nothing especially out of the ordinary...for Sunnydale."

Mulder rubbed his hands, excitedly. "So, a lot of odd things happen here, eh?"

Jonathon looked at the two agents, strangely. "Define odd. You know, I'm not the best person to talk to about this. You should talk to..." Scully cut him off. "Let me guess. A weird blond girl who's name starts with a 'B'." She rolled her eyes, slightly.

"Buffy, yeah. But I doubt she's here. She's never around during the summer." Jonathon glanced over his shoulder, back into the house. "Can I go now?"

Mulder was let down. "Yes, just one more thing though. Since you say we can't get in contact with this..Buffy, is there anyone else who you think could help us?"

"Cordelia Chase?", Mulder asked.

The dark haired girl leaned against the doorframe. "Hello salty goodness", she said, under her breath. "I'm Cordelia."

"Agents Mulder and Scully", Scully flashed her badge. "We're with the FBI."

Cordelia's eyes remained fixed on Mulder. "What can I do for you...Agent Mulder?"

He was momentarily thrown by her intense look. "Um...graduation day. We'd like to know exactly what happened. Your name was among others given to us by someone who thinks you can tell us what we'd like to know.

"Graduation day was interesting, yes, but it's way over. There's not very much to tell", Cordelia gave Mulder a winning smile.

Scully sighed. "We've read reports that something very strange happened on the day you graduated. We've read that a lot of strange things happen in Sunnydale. But so far no one has been willing to tell us anything. Why is that, Miss Chase?"

The girl shrugged. "You know what? You should talk to Buffy. That is, if she's in town."

"Does this Buffy have a last name, or is she like Cher?", Mulder joked.

Cordelia let out a peal of laughter. "You're very funny, Agent Mulder. I'm sorry I can't help you anymore." She stepped backwards into the house. "If I can do anything else for you, you know where to find me." She closed the door, slowly.

Scully rubbed her temples. "This is, by far the single most ridiculous investigation you've ever dragged me on, Mulder. These people are infuriating."

"The answers are here, Scully. We just have to dig a little bit further. And these people, they know a hell of a lot more than they're saying." Mulder walked back to their rental car and slid into the front seat. Scully reluctantly followed him and took her place in the passenger's seat. "Now, there are a couple more names on this list Jonathon gave us."

Scully snatched the piece of paper out of her partner's hand. "Xander Harris, Willow Rosenberg and Oz. No last name. Oh and the school's librarian, Rupert Giles. Mulder, what makes you think these people are going to know, or share with us, anything we don't know already?" Mulder started up the engine. "Just a hunch, Scully. Just a hunch."

"Yes?" The young man who answered the door looked up, expressionlessly at the two agents.

Mulder held up his badge. "Agents Mulder, Scully...FBI. We'd like to ask you a few questions, Oz."

"Is this legal?", Oz raised an eyebrow, but his face remained blank.

Scully nodded. "Completely. We'd just like you to tell us a little bit about graduation day."

Oz thought for a second. "Well, after five years, I graduated." He paused. Mulder and Scully leaned forward, in anticipation of his next words. "That's about it."

"Nothing strange happened? The school blew up! No one thinks that was strange, in and of itself?" Scully was reaching her patience quota.

"How did you get my name?", Oz asked, suspiciously.

Mulder ignored him. "Look, all we want to know is where these reports of a giant creature ripping apart the Mayor come from. We were told by a confidential source that you might be able to tell us."

Oz scratched his cheek with one fingernail, painted black, Scully noticed. "I won't deny that the Mayor died..."

"You just won't tell us how", Scully finished. Oz shrugged. "Thank you for your time Mr..." Before she could finish, Oz closed the door. "Mulder....if I had any doubts as to the stupidity of this case,

they're all gone now. We're following a lead that doesn't exist. Let's just admit that, go back to Washington and work on a real case." "Scully, in the many years you have known me, have I ever walked away from an unfinished case?"

Scully raised her voice in rarely-shown frustration. "Mulder, there is no case! Admit it! There is nothing keeping us here!"

Mulder shook his head. "Can't you feel it in the air? This town, it's been giving me the creeps ever since we landed." "The creeps. Good to know we're using scientific, adult terms now." Scully rolled her eyes once again. "Mulder, we've talked to half of the graduating class and combined, they've all given us absolutely nothing to go on."

"Let's just talk to these last two people and try to find this Buffy. She seems to be the center of all of this. If we could just get our hands on a roster of the school's students..." Mulder walked back to the car.

Scully looked skyward. "Do you mean to tell me that with all the sources we have, we can't find out where one student with a name like Buffy lives?" "The school doesn't seem to have any records on a Buffy. Apparently, a lot of the school's records were destroyed in the explosion. So, let's do these last few interviews, then go back to the motel and get a good night's sleep." Mulder motioned for his partner to join him at the car.

"My faith in your detective abilities is shot to hell, Mulder."

"Rupert Giles?" Mulder addressed the older man.

"Speaking", Giles replied, wiping his hands on a dishtowel.

Mulder showed the man his badge. "Mulder...Scully. FBI. We'd like to ask you a few questions."

Giles examined the badge thoroughly. "What's this all about?"

"We're investigating some strange occurrences surrounding Sunnydale High's recent graduation ceremony and we were given your name in connection to a Buffy who we believe can help our investigation." Scully made eye contact with the English man and held it for several seconds.

"I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place. I wasn't actually at the commencement exercises." Giles stared back at the red-haired agent.

Mulder, noticing the prolonged looks, jumped back into the questioning. "Mr. Giles, we understand that you are the school's librarian. And yet, you didn't attend the school's graduation?"

"I was...busy."

"What were you doing?", Scully asked, a little more seductively than she had intended.

The librarian hesitated. "I had an important...chore I had to attend to."

"You do know a Buffy, don't you Mr. Giles?" Mulder was rather upset at the way his partner was examining the man.

"She was a student of mine. But I don't think she'll be able to tell you what you want to know."

Scully smiled. "You're the first person in this town who has thought that."

"Well, it's the truth." Giles found himself smiling back.

Mulder sighed, looking off to the right to see the sun beginning its nightly retreat. "Is there anything you can tell us that might be helpful to this investigation?"

"I don't believe so, Agent Mulder."

"Then, thank you for your time Mr. Giles. Scully, let's go." His partner continued to lock eyes with Giles. "Scully?"

She broke the stare. "What? Oh, yes. Thank you, Mr. Giles." "Rupert, please." Giles took off his glasses.

"Thank you....Rupert." After a second, Scully let herself be pulled back towards the rental car. Giles stood on his porch and watched the agents they drove away.

"Could you have been more obvious, Scully?" Mulder sulked.

"Xander Harris? We're Special Agents Mulder and Scully with the FBI."

The boy in front of them got a panicky look on his face. "Um...what can I do for you....agents?"

"We'd like to know where we can find a Buffy, and we've been told you know her." Mulder changed his questioning approach in an attempt to get more information.

Xander stepped onto the porch and shut the door behind him. "Why do you want Buffy? She hasn't done anything wrong."

"Mr. Harris, no one is saying she has. We'd just like to ask her a few questions about graduation day", Scully told him.

"You want to know about graduation day? And you think Buffy can help you?" It was obvious Xander was stalling for time.

Mulder nodded. "Unless you have some information for us."

"Uh...the school blew up. And I actually graduated, much to everyone's amazement", Xander smiled, feebly. "Hey, what kind of guns

do you guys have?"

Mulder reached for his shoulder holster to show the boy, but was stopped by another of his partner's infamous looks. "So, this Buffy, she is in town?"

Xander nodded. "Yeah....she's around."

There was a long pause. "Where can we find her?", Scully finally asked.

"Um, well...I think she might be at...uh...Willow's house? Maybe?" Xander shrugged his shoulders.

Mulder glanced at their list of names. "Willow Rosenberg? 6305 Westminster Place?"

"Yeah...wow. How did you know that?", Xander seemed impressed.

"That's our job. Thank you for your time, Mr. Harris", Scully concluded the interview. Xander went back inside the house. "Mulder, do you feel like we're laboratory rats desperately searching for the cheese?"

"It's practically dark. I can't believe we've been doing this all afternoon", Scully shook her head as she and Mulder approached the Rosenberg home.

"Time flies when you're having fun, Scully", Mulder commented, ringing the doorbell. She rolled her eyes once more. A few seconds later, the door opened slightly.

"Can I help you?", a pretty red-head asked, her voice slightly wary.

Mulder pulled out his badge. "Mulder, Scully, FBI. We'd like to ask you some questions, Miss Rosenberg."

The girl's blue eyes flew open. "Uh...am I in trouble?"

"Do you think you are?" Scully waited for Willow's answer

"Um...no...my spells are all...benign and I don't hack...much." Mulder looked at Scully, significantly. "So..um..what's this about?"

Scully took a breath. "We're looking for a Buffy who we think may be connected to some strange reports we have of your graduation day. We were told by a Xander Harris that she might be here."

Instead of relief, Willow's expression grew more untrusting. "Something wierd happened on graduation day?", she faked innocence.

"Miss Rosenberg, the school blew up."

"Oh that...well...these kids today." She laughed half-heartedly. Seeing the two agents' blank looks, she stopped.

Mulder put his hands on his hips. "We'd just like to find this Buffy. In all the interviews we've done, her name has come up almost every time. Do you know where she is? Where she lives? If she has a last name?"

Willow looked apologetic. "You just missed her. She's probably halfway back to her house by now."

"And that would be where?" Scully prepared to write down the girl's answer.

"Revello Drive", Willow revealed, hesitantly. "Can I see your badges again?"

Mulder and Scully extracted their badges again and held them up for her to see. "Satisfied, Miss Rosenberg?", Mulder asked.

"Yep", she replied, sheepishly. "Sorry."

Scully tucked her badge back into her suit pocket. "You still haven't told us if Buffy has a last name. Does she, Miss Rosenberg?"

"You all don't know what her last name is? The FBI mainframe is one of the most sophisticated systems in the entire world and....." Willow closed her mouth quickly, afraid to expose too much of her hacking escapades. "It's Summers. Buffy Summers."

Mulder was relieved. "Finally, a last name. Is there anything else you can tell us about graduation day, Miss Rosenberg?"

"Well, Xander graduated. That was strange."

"What about the Mayor? Did anything strange happen to him." Mulder was persistent.

Willow shrugged slightly. "He's gone; he died."

Scully sensed that they weren't going to get anymore out of the interview. "Thank you very much Miss Rosenberg. We'll be in touch if we need you." She pulled on Mulder's arm, leading him down the porch steps. Behind them, Willow went back into her house.

"I was on the verge of breakthrough, Scully!", Mulder protested.

His partner snorted. "In your dreams, Mulder. It's late. I'm tired. We know nothing more than when we arrived here this afternoon, except Buffy's last name. Let it go, Mulder. Even your instincts are sometimes wrong."

Scully's words had their desired affect. After a long moment, Mulder nodded. "Maybe you're right. Maybe there was no creature. And the school was just blown up by an attention-craving teenager." The two agents piled back into their rented car. Scully started up the engine and drove back towards town. To her credit, she managed to hold her "I told you so" in. Mulder closed his eyes briefly as they drove past the Sunnydale Cemetery. If he had looked over to his right, off in

the distance, he would have seen a young, blond girl stabbing a stake directly into the heart of a creature she was fighting. "I was just so sure there was more to this town than meets the eye, Scully."

The End

End
file.